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MASTERS OF MODERN ART

FANTIN-LATOUR

By GUSTAVE KAHN
Translated by WILFRID JACKSON
With forty illustrations

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FANTIN-LATOUR

The biography of Fantin-Latour is of a piece, and without incident, save for the phases of his aesthetic development.

He was born at Grenoble on the 14th January 1836 on the second floor of a house in the Cour de Chaulnes. His father, Théodore Fantin-Latour, was born at Metz. He was a painter, and professor of drawing, and sometime copyist at the Louvre, and had married a Russian. The grandfather, Jean-François Fantin-Latour, had been a sailor, in the days of the Revolution, and then having been passed into the territorial army under the first Empire, rose to Lieut-Colonel in the Artillery. The family was Italian in origin. Fantin was derived from San-Fantino. One Jean Fantin added Latour to the name of Fantin at the end of the XVIIth century.

Fantin-Latour left Grenoble as a child and never returned there, his father having moved to Paris to improve his condition. Are we to look Fantin-Latour's mixed origin for some explanation of his mentality, aesthetic, and talent ? He himself wrote : « There is too mixed a blood in my veins for any question of school or nationality to work upon me » The great part played by his compatriot Berlioz in his output as illustrator and painter, is sufficiently explained by his love of

music without seeking to see in it any burgeoning of local patriotism. From the day his father set up house in the Rue du Dragon near the Rue Taranne, Fantin was a Parisian.

He grew up in Paris, attended the Brotherhood School in the Rue Saint-Benoit, and copied drawings by Flaxman lent him by a local chemist who had competed for the Prix de Rome and taken second prize in sculpture ; he became a pupil of Lecoq de Boisbaudran, along with Alphonse Legros, Georges Bellenger, Lhermitte, Cazin, Solon, and Cuisin, after a brief and uninstructive period at the School of Fine-Arts. After work he would visit a small café, the Café Taranne, with a friend, and there he remembered seeing and hearing Flaubert in talk with Louis Bouilhet. He became one of Lecoq de Boisbaudran's best pupils, and was left five thousand francs in his will ; but his veritable master was the Louvre where he worked untiringly after Watteau, Veronese, Van Dyck, Ferdinand Bol, and Poussin. Delacroix was one of his admirations. He came to know Whistler, on whom he seems to have had influence, while remaining proof against his.

He went to Courbet's studio, but a month of it discouraged him. He became friendly with Francois Bonvin, and when that excellent painter organised, in his studio in the Rue St-Jacques, an exhibition of pictures which had been refused at the Salon, and of other work by innovators, forestalling the celebrated Exhibition of Refused Work, *l'Exposition des Refusés* of 1863, Fantin was one of those whose canvasses Bonvin admitted to the walls of his studio, known as the Flemish Studio — the *Atelier Flamand de Bonvin.*

Fantin was Parisian by adoption, and a lover of Paris, and his diverse tendencies are to be explained by the intellectual nourishment Paris offered him for the seeking. A Parisian of

the left bank. From the day his father took up his habitation in the Rue Taranne, hardly did he let himself, and that but for a moment, be led to the Rue de Londres, near Batignolles, which just then seemed the seat of impressionism. He was soon back on the left bank, in his natural setting. When an older man he had something of the look of the old savants who haunted the quarter. He had, and and always kept, an admirably youthful clearness of gaze, curious of all things, contemplating all things, a look very friendly when it lighted up at brief moments, and soft and full when he was thinking. He was of an amiable, somewhat cloistered expression, velvet-footed, and quiet in tone even when outspoken, as he was at times. From the first day he worked under Lecoq de Boisbandran, up to full maturity, up to the time he was forty, Fantin was a student, which is not to say that he remained in leading-strings but that he more particularly believed in the study of the past. It was one of those points whereon he differed from the Impressionists, whom he cultivated, and of whom he was, at first, one of the outlaws in the eyes of the press and of the official world, but from whom he broke away, very resolutely, though without words. To the Salon of 1867 Fantin sent a portrait of Edouard Manet. Now this was not merely the exhibition of a fine piece of painting ; it was not merely a portrait of a friend that was sent in, done in some happy conjunction of circumstances during a stay in the country together ; it was an act of affirmation. Fantin thereby affirmed his preference and admiration for an artist whose work was in dispute, whom he did not chose as leader, but whose name he regarded as symbolic of new and bold research, opportune and necessary. And thereafter he separated from the new group, which did not altogether satisfy him ; he had different ambitions. He got further and further away from them, aesthetically, without lessening his personal association. Even as he used to go to the Café Taranne in his youth, he

went to thé Café Guerbois, and later to the Café de Bade, where Manet would show himself, very much in view, a brilliant talker, adding to his renown as painter a sort of notoriety as popular speaker and even as pamphleteer.

Emile Zola saw Fantin at the Guerbois. He did not quite make him out. His Gagnières, one of the less regular frequenters who meet for discussion and polemic round the table, worships music, a characteristic trait in Fantin—but Gagnières paints landscapes, silvery, grey, delicate, low-toned ! Rather an elementary change this ! But Zola saw, and noted fairly well, Fantin's opposed attitude, even if his description of the man was summary.

And it must be admitted that his position was but secondary, even as Zola makes it. L'*Œuvre* is a fine book, though incomplete and inexact, and a novel. It is subdued to its plot. But though one gets no clear impression of Manet, or Monet, nor of Degas who is overlooked, nor yet of Cézanne who supplied the foundation for the hero of the book, it has many a fine page and much just observation.

And Gagnières, when he learns that Fagerolles is being written up, Fagerolles who steals the fire of the impressionist and luminist group, bursts out into immense and naive astonishment. He cannot understand that an artist who has created nothing should come to be talked about. There was something of this simple, rough, uncompromising honesty in old Fantin. Moreover, whatever Fantin's friendship for the impressionists, his technique was not formed by their principles, and his aesthetic was different.

In proportion as impressionism developed and was defended by the realists and naturalists among the writers, the painters accepted the perspective and limits ascribed them by their allies in the world of letters. It was no longer merely a question of painting light, but of lending it the vibration of modernity. The picture, even as the book, must cut its section

of life. Had the Impressionists, simply painting what they saw, followed Courbet's lessons, had they submitted to a purely pictorial aesthetic, long since laid down, would Degas have begun with a Semiramis — though true it is that the curiosity it awakes is due to its modernism — would Manet have painted his execution of Maximilian from documents and still more from his imagination, or Cezanne have planned mural decorations from the *Orlando Furioso* ? At the outset, the Impressionists contemplated an evoked beauty, called up by the imagination. If Zola attributes to his hero's failing hand a symbolical landscape with figures, which unfortunately recalled the work of a painter not altogether of the time nor in the movement, may we not see in this attribution to an impressionist of an allegory of Paris, a memory on his part of some scheme mentioned to him ?

But Duranty's influence, though limited, and arid, despite the beautiful quality of his style and the abundance of learned suggestion, and that of Zola, essentially romantic, whose each successive volume marked his growing subjection to the realist aesthetic he had adopted, was strengthened by the joy of the discovery of a new Paris seen as light, of a countryside seen as a luminous splendour.

Fantin in his portraits is not far removed from Claude Monet in his early figures, but Monet was impassioned by the new Paris, the movement of its railway stations, the play of smoke on the grimy glass, and the mantle of summer light over the factories, and in the countryside by rare effects of dawn, the brief and multitudinous splendours of winter skies, the mist and spray of the surf. He shaped himself a method proper to render the magnificent moments of the life of nature.

Delacroix had his influence at the start on impressionism, but it rapidly declined. Was it that Delacroix's technique was less admired ? No, for the frescos at St.Sulpice show the

coming pointillisme here and there, and later on Seurat was to find his encouragement in them. It was the evocationary inspiration in Delacroix's art that detached from him the painters who were under the sway of two notions « the discovery of modern life » and « the rendering of the full light and character of whatever may be seen ».

The critics incessantly urged them on, pointed to the splendour and shine of their new country, the street, to the point of Huysman's exaggeration, himself a lyric realist, when he counselled young painters to render on their canvasses the glitter and display of the shop-windows.

Art critics preached realism for long, and proclaimed current truth through hatred of Salon subjects, and sections of raw life through hatred of the finicky and polished flesh painting of a Bouguereau, through hatred of the pretty and the anecdotal, always with a certain dutiful indulgence, which was but just moreover, towards Puvis de Chavannes.

But Delacroix's influence on Fantin was lasting. If it cannot be said that he continued in that line it is because to begin with he felt a certain fearfulness when he saw his road in front of him, and knew he must tread it alone ; and then, his first essays were not heard of, and then again, he had much personality, and did he continue the Delacroix tradition, it was after his own manner, after long meditation, and the primer laid aside, and following his vision. For Fantin, colour was a goddess of different mask and robe from Delacroix's. He suited truth of romance to his own temperament, lent it the guise of his genius, what was expressive of his genius. But had life been kinder to him, what romantic visions had furnished forth his painting, visions only drawn on the lithographic stone.

For all that Fantin is the link uniting the painting of today with the romantic school.

Romantic painting has a complex ideal. If its care were solely for the picturesque, for the evocation of legend and imagery, it would accept Paul Delacroix, who, as a matter of fact, is excommunicate. Antigna is, by date, a romantic ; the romantics accept him as a frend, but look on him as a realist. Roughly speaking, it is Ingres versus Delacroix. Does this mean classic antiquity against Shakespeare, the chronicles of France and Orientalism ? No, for Ingres evokes and treats the mediaeval, as well as pagan story, if less often. The romantics are no enemies of his. Delacroix makes use of the fact, with knowledge and moderation. It is Ingres who ' sees red' when he thinks of Delacroix. No doubt through his hatred of movement. Ingres would reduce movement to the static. Delacroix would give all the movement possible. Do they find themselves agreed in front of Chasseriau's combination of both in his own genius ? They have not the same gods, they do not love the same painters. Ingres adopts the false and literary notion of classic perfection, equally false in literature, that is, and believes in the great periods, and interprets history like a college principal. Nothing can dissuade him but that Homer was a blind old man, and the centuries must bow themselves before his living statue, symbolical of the song of Greek antiquity. The Muse he sets up, so noble of gesture, behind his Cherubini, is colourless and funereal—a Bride of Corinth. But with Delacroix, everything is alive, sings, quivers, glitters. The red cloak of a Turkish horseman lights up some episode of the chase his eye has never seen, but its beauty of colour justifies all its surrounding. Like Berlioz, he orchestrates in the colour of feeling and passion. He imagines. So does Ingres, but may we say that Ingres imagines without imagination ? Baudelaire remarks that Ingres holds up a spy-glass between himself

and life and imagination, the spy-glass being Raphael. He gets at it through study, and so immobilises Raphael. Give Delacroix Rubens as parent, and one sees that that school attribution is true. But beyond Gericault, there is Shakespeare, and very much Shakespeare. Banville, who would have been a remarkable art critic had he not preferred to create his own images, fully notes the value of Delacroix's interpretation of Hamlet. Commentators may quarrel, but Delacroix has the right vision. There is as much of Veronese in him as of Rubens, and something of all the great painters for he has seen them all, and read them all, and kept whatever might serve him in his evocation of beauty; whereas his rivals of the classical school recognise but certain painters who, according to them, reached perfection, that is immobility. The utmost we can say for them is that it is a question of temperament, and let us add of « a twice-told tale ». Will the school opinion last that sets Andromache so far above Cromwell, or the Burgraves, last even in the schools ? The romantic ideal is magnificent in its sunshine and life, and has but paled at the hands of pale followers. All the same, a drama of Catulle Mendès moves us in other wise than a tragedy by Bornier. If none other has been capable of bending the bow of Delacroix and of imagining the yellow fires of Sardanapalus, the Boar of Ardennes in his fighting orgies, the mob in act of invading the convention, or Feraud's head on a pike, that does not invalidate the romantic tendency. Art must branch off into new paths to refind its strength; but the critics who strewed the new way with flowers, and found it a necessary departure from romanticism, did not understand its truth of content

They were altogether unjust to those who wanted, in their own time and in their own way, to renew the great attempt; to Raffaelli when he created his magnificent political resurgence of Clemenceau, and to Fantin when in half-

tones of adorable harmony he revived the faery vision in a beautiful irradiation of suggestion, and a landscape due to the teaching of the great landscapists o 1830, an of Corot and Theodore Rousseau.

Impressionism has throughout understood Corot, and drawn enlightenment from him. But it is a romantic ideal which sets the rhythm of the dancing nymphs in Corot's landscapes and reigns in Rousseau's beautiful tree-studies. The romantics themselves did not see it over clearly, and Gautier, usually so friendly, has reservations towards Corot and Daubigny which one would not have in the case of men from whom anything might be expected. Baudelaire has more penetration, and understands Manet, and, instinctively, Jongkind and Bonvin. But Baudelaire was doing no more art criticism, finding, probably, nowhere to place his articles.

Had he kept it up during his later years, he would certainly have approved Fantin's *Féerie*, and when he died Fantin certainly lost a friendly voice, But that he in his turn was in sympathy with Baudelaire, we have proof subsisting in Fantin's admirable portrait of Baudelaire, with its tender halo of mysticism, so wistful and so penetrating, instinct already with all the art of a Carrière, a triumph in portrayal of soul by a master portrait-painter; Fantin's conception could not have been more just. He tells us that all the growth of legend overlying the life of the poet of the *Fleurs du mal* is nought, and that Baudelaire was pure artist.

Fantin's literary opinions are rarely expressed and are always brief; there is echo of them occasionally in his letters, some of which are quoted in the very complete and lively monograph due to the appreciation and devotion of Adolphe Jullien. For the most part, when he touches poetry it is through the medium of music, as he reached Byron through Schumann, Tasso through Gluck or Handel. But his word on Baudelaire is very apt, and how many were there in those

days beyond a handful of poets, chiefly friends of Fantin's, who did justice to Baudelaire ?

Fantin-Latour became known from the date of the *Salon des Refusés*, the Exhibition of the Rejected, in 1863. [1]

The official Salon was in the hands of men who were pupils of Ingres and of Delacroix. A number of Delacroix's followers seduced in the beginning by his splendid coloration and power of imagery, had slipped into the' chocolate-box' style of Delaroche. The landscapists kept up the standard of 1830. Troyon and Rosa Bonheur being supreme, and a lukewarm welcome was offered to Corot and Theodore Rousseau. The Salon has no other masters to show save Corot, Rousseau, Millet, and, on the border line, Courbet little understood, and Daubigny still unaccepted.

From another quarter gathered, orwere thrown out in a body

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1. It must not be inferred from the fact that there was admirable work in the Salon des Refusés, and that the Imperial decision admitted them to the Palais de l'Industrie and allowed certain great artists to draw public attention, with success, within walls whence the Jury, and the Institute who supplied the Jury, would have excluded them, that all were master-pieces, whether on or above the line, at the Salon des Refusés.

Though it must not be looked on as quite the same thing as the early Exhibitions of the Independants, with their confusion of fine work by the pointillists, and of work by amateurs and inferior painters, those Exhibitions afford its nearest parallel.

Impressionism, or its list of young painters imbued with modernity and the love of light, who sent in their best work, came to the test with Manet, Jongkind, Monet Camille Pissaro, Whistler (whose *White Girl* was admired), Fantin-Latour, and Cals (with his *Ménage du Sabotier*). Also Madame Fesser, a pupil of Jongkind. Along with Alphonse Legros who passed for an admirer of Courbet's came a whole series of Courbet's pupils, exiled from the Salon on that account, Harpignies, Lansyer, Jean Desbrosses, Lapostolet, Francis Blin, the Belgian painter Louis Dubois, Armand Gautier, guilty of exhibiting the parable of the Woman taken in Adultery in a modern setting.

And then there was that sound landscapist Chintreuil, and Antoine Vollon destined to high academic honours, but then associated with rash painters such as Fantin, who put him into the *Toast*.

There were also men, habitual exhibitors at the Salon, such as St. Marcel, Lobjoy, Pipard, and Tabar. Tabar, a painter not without merit, and mentioned by Baudelaire, had been refused because his portrait was of a man of six foot high who had insisted on being painted life size. Consequently, the Jury had considered the dimensions of the canvas exorbitant.

And pupils of Flandrin, in disgrace, Gariot who signed his canvasses in Latin (Paulus Caesar Gariot faciebat anno...) Julian, Paradis, etc. etc.

at the Salon des Refusés, a whole group of ardent youths not yet in treaty with any of the powers that were, honest painters and men of purpose, who had absorbed the teaching of a Corot, a Daubigny, and under the influence of Velasquez, Constable, and Turner, and with a very praiseworthy sense of personality and independence ; with sympathy for the neglected men such as Bonvin, and giving their profoundest attention to Manet, who derives somewhat from the later Couture, more from Velasquez, but most from himself, for he is the discoverer of the street, and of the men in the street, and limits painting by direct vision to the single impression, as Edgar Allan Poe limits poetry to the individual poem.

Fantin-Latour showed a *Féerie*. He was anxious to show it, though he had a canvas at the Salon the same year, 1863. At the moment he was the only painter to understand the full lesson of Delacroix.

His next step is the picture poem, the evocation of the image. It was no baseless construction. The model might lend the form or movement evoked by the imagination, and costume suggest the necessary harmony of colours. His *Féerie* is a beautiful picture. Was it recognised as such ? Apart from critics whose taste acclaimed Dubufe or Gerome, Castagnary said :

« Scrape it all out, you who are a true painter, and give us in its place something alive, something seen, and of today. »

And Castagnary was one of the champions of the younger school. judicious, and open to influence, a man whose judgment was capable of developement. He set his face against the imaginative in painting, would have no picture poems. But he pronounces Fantin to be ablest of the able.

The misunderstanding grew and increased which was to weigh on Impressionism. After Proudhon, interpreting the will to realism, wherein mingled the high conscientiousness

of Gustave Courbet, the shortsighted aesthetic of Champfleury, the literary bias, so instructed nevertheless, of Edmond Duranty, set up, as a parallel to their literary aesthetic, a realist pictural aesthetic, which was to weigh on painters, and increase, as Zola came on the scene, and defended Manet, and himself increased in renown.

This doctrine of verisimilitude in art, applied by the Impressionists, enforced respect by the splendour of its results, because it was the foundation of that study of light which was the sovereign worship of Impressionists whether in street or countryside. One may say that before the coming of the Impressionists (though Corot be the parent of Pissarro and Sisley) light is alluded to rather than indicated. But with them, it is a living, palpitating thing, and they taught on canvas the existence of the reflections of light in nature.

This fidelity of vision was shared by different groups of the younger painters of the Second Empire after the *Salon des Refusés* had allowed them to give an account of themselves. They were sufficiently various. Puvis de Chavannes was among them, who before he turned for inspiration to the mediaeval illuminators and sought a decorative simplicity, had meditated the elegant and melancholy grace of Gustave Ricard, and the strength of Thomas Couture. Degas was of their number, who shook off the influence of Chasseriau (the study of Delacroix tempered by the study of Ingres, with a souvenir of Géricault, and a strong and pagan and sensual personality of his own) to follow his studies of the street and the opera-school of ballet. And Whistler, exasperated with verisimilitude of detail and the wilful imagery of pre-Raphaelite themes, and unjust to their accomplishments; Whistler, who loved colour for colour's sake, and its finer tones, and brought to the *Salon des Refusés* his *Symphony in White.* And Carolus Duran much laurelled and medalled, much taken with the fine costume painters of Italy and Flanders, but so studious

of Manet, and who was to attempt a compromise before returning to the school tradition. And the same grouping should contain, if the difference of age were not so enormous, and does contain by the absolute misunderstanding of his work as a painter, Daumier, whose teaching was lost in the void until Raffaelli came along and founded characterism; and Chifflard, a prize-winner, a prix de Rome, but suspected of strange gods.

And it reckons Cals, charming painter of domestic subjects rather low in tone; Jongkind, self-taught, who arrives at the Impressionnist outlook without noticeable influence or leaning, save perhaps, Bonvin; Ribot, violently Spanish, irreproachable draughtsman, but with too much of Ribera and too localised; Bonvin, a sort of Chardin; Bazille, who sees things much as Manet. Delacroix's search for new harmonies in his frescos at St. Sulpice, and Daubigny's researches after division of tone, are in agreement with the inquiries of the younger men who show at the *Salon des Refusés* : Manet, Pissaro, Harpignies, Blin, Chintreuil, Legros, Lansyer Antoine Vollon. But the impressionist group never spécialises. Manet's landscape studies at Argenteuil, the early marines and river paintings of Claude Monet, earn them the style of the open-air school — *l'école de plein air*.

Fantin-Latour is a studio painter. His aesthetic does not lead him to use modern life as a decorative setting. He lives alongside impressionism, not in it, as Puvis, and later Odillon Redon. His vision is not nature alone, but of ideas, he has visions of visions.

The young Fantin it was who gave us the dazzling gold of *La Féerie*. He does excellently well in studio work. He frequently executes self-portraits from his mirror. There are two persons in him, There is the Fantin in search of the new, who brings home a crop of fair visions from the concerts, and shutting his door, lends a new life to the Wagnerian heroes;

who seeks to personify the breathing of Berlioz' orchestration, who has read the poets, and gives shape to the *Orientales*, such as *Sarah la Baigneuse*, moulds figures, not allegorical, not symbolical, but expressive, and generalised in rendering, such as his *La Nuit*; a Fantin full of motive and deliciously poetical. But there is also a Fantin afraid for his foothold, afraid of befogging himself in the following of the idea; who, after giving rein to his imagination, feels the need of solid ground under his feet, of the path trod by all. Courbet's « Paint only what you see » weighs on him, and also his gallery admirations, very much awake, for the Dutch painters of interiors, for Franz Hals. He has his visionary side, but he is also a convinced realist. The corporation groups of Hals and Van der Helst attract him. He tries similar work. The aesthetic peculiar to him notably modifies the conceptions he borrows from them.

The Dutchmen setting about a job, where the art of the portrait painter came in, but still a job, an order whose composition was laid down for them, contented themselves with lending their personages a vivacity of aspect, with avoiding, so far as possible, the effect of pose.

With Fantin, the group portrait called forth realistic treatment by reason of the following up of movement. When he showed his *Coin de table*, Castagnary, who saw him painting moderns, spoke on his behalf, and pointed out his great qualities; but reproached the disorder of the composition. There were some standing, some seated, some full-face, some in profile ! The excellent critic could not understand it. To him it was disorder.

True enough there are some seated, and some standing up, people coming in and going out, a pursuit of the pictorial which does not detract from verisimilitude, a care for truth which in no way endangers the force and spring of the composition, a pursuit and research very characteristic of Fan-

tin, at once very ambitious and very modest, and very much in his manner ; and moreover, there is, as one of his personal traits, an accommodation to circumstances, a reducing, in a sort, of his first project, but done in a fashion which does not entrench on his probity. A lessening of his idealogy and power of invocation, but always the same loyalty to his calling in the presence of nature. The execution remains, and it is the idea or rather the project, which suffers. This asks for explanation.

The first notion of the *Coin de table* was that of an *Hommage à Baudelaire*. In the picture as executed, where d'Hervilly reads verses to an absent-minded Verlaine, to Rimbaud whose thoughts are far away, to a preccupied Camille Pelletan, an attentive Valade and Blémont, and to Pierre Elzéar who arrives apparently in the middle of it, nothing remains of this. It is simply a gathering of poets. In the original project, the back of the room, the middle of the picture, was taken up by a portrait of Baudelaire, whom Fantin admired, and of whom he said many just things in his curt manner writing to point out at the moment of Baudelaire's death when nonsense was talked over his tomb, that he was an artist pure and simple. Alongside the present poets giving audience to his verse a more proper method of rendering homage to the memory of the great man dead, Fantin reckoned on painting (see Adolphe Jullien's book) Théodore de Banville. Asselineau and Leconte de Lisle. Without knowing all the details of Fantin's négotiations to get his models together, one must suppose that by the negligence of one, and the engagements of another, time went by and that Fantin, growing impatient cut down his scheme, and using what he could get hold of, thought no more but of a group of poets. It was Poulet-Malassis, that muddler of a Poulet-Malassis, who flattered himself that he could bring Banville, Leconte de Lisle and Asselineau to the young painter, but he was not

successful. Fantin could not wait for ever. The *Hommage à Baudelaire* became the *Coin de table*, poets reading to poets, a corporate portrait still, but without the militant character which public misunderstanding would have lent to an *Hommage à Baudelaire.*

Still it was no easy matter and Fantin, at the close of his days, a Fantin somewhat embittered (for he had not achieved his rightful place, and he, a great painter, was reckoned but as good) would relate his rebuffs.

He no longer agreed, or did not choose to remember, that his picture was a Homage to Poetry. He made favourable arrangements for the meeting of his models, mostly employed in the Civic service, which enabled them to order things among themselves and to come, once the group was sketched in, one at a time to pose for him. He would tell the story of the vase of flowers which sprang into being at the corner of the table. This was it :

Albert Mérat appeared one day, irritable of mind and decisive of speech. Verlaine and Rimbaud were beyond bearing. Their companions had had enough and to spare of their stinging epigrams and were particularly offended by the incessant verbal criticism delivered in unstudied and laconic form by Rimbaud, whose violence and onslaught they could no longer put up with. There is no separating them. If one is heard, then the other will withdraw. But that, and no less, is what Albert Mérat came to propose. Either it was he or they ! He would not pose with them, appear at the same table, or be immortalised in such bad company ! Fantin reflected. Better to lose one model than two. He refused to ostracise Verlaine and Rimbaud, and suggested to Mérat that may be a few days, or weeks, might see him of another and more placable mind, and that he would then return ; but Mérat did not return, and Fantin filled the gap with flowers. As in some ancient poet's tale of metamorphosis,

he changed the grumbling Mérat into a smiling bouquet [1].

I had the tale from Fantin, and wrote it down, because there is another current version among well informed people to the effect that the bouquet was itself a homage and took the place of Victor Hugo who was expected. But this legend is a telescoping of different anecdotes, and comes of the futile negociations of Poulet-Malassis in the matter of procuring Banville, de Lisle, and Asselineau. The absence of Banville who adored painting and was, moreover, amiability itself, to say nothing of his lively friendship for Baudelaire, forces the admission that Poulet-Malassis must have been very indolent in the discharge of this mission, if indeed he set about it at all.

Of the four large portrait pictures of contemporaries Fantin left (we cannot count the *Toast* among them, for it was suppressed, and reduced to fragments) the *Hommage à Delacroix* comes nearest, perhaps, to Fantin's ideal in choice and grouping of personages.

We must take note that Fantin never allowed himself to be called a portraitist, even when he painted portraits, and save when he executed a commission, was in the habit of considering such of his canvasses as were strictly portraits as preparatory material for a future setting, for some surrounding, and for all their soberness of accessory would have such works as the *Brodeuse*, the *Atelier* etc.., looked on as interiors in wqich the human countenance is the dominant note. Like Manet's portrait which went to the Salon, and like the *Coin de table* had it been realized as Fantin intended, as a homage to Baudelaire, and entitled the *Anniversaire*, the *Hommage à Delacroix* carried an intention, and took on, at the period of its creation, the importance of an act. It was at Delacroix's funeral, which Fantin attended in company with

1. M. Adolphe Jullien's account is the same;

Manet, that he conceived the idea of this picture. What did he want to demonstrate, in grouping Whistler, Legros, Manet and Bracquemond, and could he have got him, Rossetti, round Delacroix's portrait ? He wanted to emphasize the pictorial influence of Delacroix on Whistler, Legros, Manet and Bracquemond, artists of new talent ; that he is the forerunner of impressionism, and that he, the innovator, was continued, carried on, not by those who followed the letter of his work, the anecdotal painters, but by his followers in the spirit, those who remained faithful to tradition while trying, as Delacroix did, to find new roads in art. The notion of inviting Rossetti is curious and interesting, and can one not see in it that Fantin, who had evoked that *Féerie*, and who was the illustrator of the great musicians, wished to maintain for all his realism, the just rights of the evocation of the image, of the subject, in a word of poetry in painting.

Fantin's zeal for Baudelaire, as much as Baudelaire's zeal for Delacroix, explains Baudelaire's presence. It was natural, even indispensable, but that of Champfleury less so ; it was Duranty who brought Champfleury, who had, indeed, often championed good painting.

L'Atelier des Batignolles kept its full signification of a homage to Manet. Fantin groups round Manet, who is doing a portrait of Zacharie Astruc, one of his cordial supporters, however far he may have been, as a practitioner, from the new art, Renoir, Monet Bazille, and also Emile Zola, the best qualified of Manet's critics, whose appearance is important, moreover, as marking the parallel evocation of a new school of literature which declared its affinities, real as well as personal, with the impressionists. He added two of his own friends, the German painter, Schölderer, and M. Edmond Maitre. And he wanted to put in his friend Edwin Edwards.

There is a letter from him on this subject, which is interesting to quote because it corroborates the thory that in his

series of portraits he wished to give the impression of familiar interiors animated by whatever movement and life could be preserved in a stationary grouping. Edwards was to be arriving from his journey, and painted as arriving, hastened thither to associate himself with the homage offered to Manet. Fantin writes to him

« I am so tired that it (his picture) never seems to come up to my ideal. I hardly know how to give you an idea of it. It seems to me that it looks simple and severe, and that no effrontery is to be detected. When today's foolishness has given place to tomorrow's and the howl against Manet has died away, my picture will only be seen as a studio interior, a painter in act of painting a friend's portrait, with other friends round him. I have kept a modest place for you, in a corner. You represent an artist entering the studio, coming from abroad, and I mean with your permission to do you with your silk hat on your head, and your macfarlane or travelling costume. Your being near the edge of the canvas, and the door-curtain, will serve to express the entry of an artist into the studio. »

Edwards did not come. Monet occupies his corner, and the theme is changed.

Autour du piano shows a group of Wagnerians surrounding Edmond Chabrier whose music was not as yet well known ; near to the writers on music, Adolphe Jullien and Camillle Benoit, are placed a young composer, Vincent d'Indy, the poet and art critic Amédée Pigeon, Arthur Boisseau, and a well-known dilettante, Lascoux, who smoothed the way to Bayreuth for Fantin, that visit which had such influence on his imagination. In this case, though it is a little militant in intention, in undertone, it is above all an interior that is shown us, intellectual in feeling. Attention is the veritable subject, the model he has posed, and Fantin has sought to render it in the countenance and expression of his personages.

They show a « recollection », an interior attention, superior to what we may see in his *Brodeuses*, but of the same kind. Fantin had refused to put Caesar Franck and Charles Lamoureux into his picture, for it would have lent it a tendency he did not desire.

It is not superfluous to mention that, in spite of his affirmed revolutionary intention, *L'atelier des Batignolles* gained third medal, and put Fantin *hors concours*. Fantin H.C..! The Jury of awards had its wit.

Fantin tried yet another big group of figures, the *Toast* wherein Whistler figured. This picture was not finished. We need not look for reasons beyond such as are indicated in the passage of a letter quoted by Adolphe Jullien. «My head was never more filled with ideas, and I am forced to paint flowers. I paint them, and think of Michael Angelo before his peonies and roses. »

Fantin is one of the great flowers-painters. This was not altogeher voluntary. The chronology of his work is worth attention as to this. From 1864 to 1896 one finds years when he hardly painted anything but flowers. The pressing material cares of life had the upper hand, and his dreams could only be noted in drawing, and multiplied in lithography. Great visionary as he was, he suffered, and does not conceal it.

A lucky chance had found him admirers in England, but his work had to be of a kind easily disposed of.

Whistler was at the bottom of this partial change of front, and a portrait of Whistler, painted for the *Toast* remains as a souvenir, as also a curious drawing by Whistler, in the Luxembourg collection, showing Fantin in bed, painting, with a tall hat on his head.

The friendly relations between Fantin and Whistler dated

from before the Salon des Refusés. And they were not only in touch as friends, but aesthetic influence was present also. Roger Marx says justly, speaking of Fantin's pictures of family life, of his happily found atmosphere, so simple, and sober and just, letting the attention fall on his models, an enlargement,we may say, of the *tableau de chevalet* — it self an enlarged miniature: «The innovation did not pass unnoticed; and more than one, notably Whistler, turned it to his profit. Between the *Deux Sœurs*, the *Two Sisters*, of Fantin, and the *Piano* picture of Whistler, there is an undeniable likeness of conception, and of presentation. Now the first of these antedates the other by a year, and the two novices in painting, as they were, lived too much together for it to have been possible for Fantin's work to be unknown to the younger of the two painters. Fantin's influence at the moment on Whistler's work seems a certain thing. But it weakened with time.

And their frank comradeship seems to have been charming. It was Whistler who brought Fantin to know Edwin Edwards, a lawyer and an etcher, who developed a deep affection for Fantin, and at a time when French Impressionist painting, or any painting having dealings with the impressionists, was overlooked by the Parisian picture fancier he found him an opening in England.

« I am always painting still-life,» said Fantin, « but my true self, which takes shape day by day, will out. No longer is it the efforts of a child ! The sketches I made long ago, the *Féerie*, the *Tannhauser*, these I go back to day after day, and I render with all the reality possible to me, the dreams, the things that pass momentarily before my eyes. »

Those still-lifes went to England.

It was a bright spot in Fantin's life when he visited England at Whistler's invitation in 1859. Whistler was living then with his sister, Lady Haden, whose husband Seymour Haden was

an etcher of note. Fantin who in those days led the confined life of the small bourgeois in Paris, living with his family, and sleeping in a small room in the Rue Férou, exhibits in his letters his satisfaction with the elegant and spacious existence, the open and at times sumptuous house, in Sloane Street where the Hadens lived. He entered into the amicable relations subsisting between his host's friends and the artists who made Whistler's circle, and notably with Edwin Edwards. Like Seymour Haden, Edwards also an etcher, gives but part of his time to art. They are rich people. Haden bought paintings from Alphonse Legros who was travelling with Fantin, and from Fantin a certain number of impressions of his *Noces de Cana*. And Edwards bought some of Fantin's canvasses. They introduced him to the English countryside, and he went to Sunbury with the Edwardses. He heard music. Whistler was now showing at the Royal Academy for the first time, two etchings having been admitted, as Pennell, Whistler's biographer, says « to the small octagonal room known as the black hole, which was reserved for engravers. « The Exibition was much discussed that year in London. Millais' *Vale of Rest* made talk, a canvas which marked his separation from the Pre-Raphaelites. The Pre-Raphaelite block not only held back from the development of Millais, but from that of Rossetti and his following. Fantin knew Rossetti whom he had thought of introducing into his *Hommage à Delacroix*. Rossetti did not come, but on another occasion, when he was in Paris, it was Fantin who companioned him. Fantin showed him his pictures. It seems that Rossetti did not appreciate them at first view, and not finding the Pre-Raphaelite faithfulness of handling, failed to understand their delicate atmosphere.

Fantin knew various painters and draughtsmen in London Charles Keene, and Albert Moore, for instance, who was to

have figured along with Fantin in a picture intended by Whistler on the lines of the *Hommage à Delacroix*... another proof of the influence Fantin exercised on him at the time. It was, moreover, and more especially, a return compliment to the *Toast*. And destiny carried the parallel further, for if Whistler's picture was painted, it was destroyed even as was the *Toast*. And just as we have left of the *Toast* but the three figures of Whistler, Vollon, and Fantin, so of Whistler's *Studio Picture*, there remains but a sketch of Whistler and two of his models. This study is now in the Chicago Gallery, where Fantin's portrait of Manet hangs. Whistler's canvas was to have been some 6ft. 6in x 6ft in measurement. Joe, the model of the *Little White Girl*, was stretched on a divan: the other model, the Japanese girl, was to have been walking about the studio ; she was painted in light tones, a Japanese book in her hand. Whistler standing, is pale grey. Fantin and Albert Moore were to have been in black, to lend relief and solidity to the colour scheme.

Fantin's influence was a certain thing, in those youthful days. We must not exaggerate it, or consider Whistler a creation of Fantin's. Whistler has more sides to him as an artist, than Fantin. When they first met at the Louvre, placing their easels, as copyists, side by side, Fantin found Whistler already in possession of his draughtsmanship, already expert with his pencil-point, already fitted out with his astonishing diversity, the caprice that is his distinction among the masters; but the butterfly was charmed by the gravity of the French painter. It impressed him, and held him from the first moment. He absorbed Fantin's truthfulness, and even later in life, when he laid his figures on a simple background of grey, mastering his extraordinary virtuosity, it may be admitted that he still had in mind the gravity, modesty, and seriousness of Fantin, and the Frenchman's carefulness to proportion his work to his means and thoughts

and not to throw dust in the public eye ; to paint without effrontery, as he said.

Whistler's friendship for him, which brought him the friendship of Edwards, also resulted in practical good. Edwards constituted himself his friendly agent in England, and found him admirers and patrons for his flower-paintings and still-lifes. Another particular friendship of Fantin's was that with Otto Schœlderer, a German painter who had lived long in Paris, and whom Fantin had wanted to put in his *Hommage à Delacroix*. Of this friendship I will merely quote one picturesque anecdote, interesting because it shows that Fantin the scrupulous, who exacted such long sittings from his models and whose enthusiasm was allied with so much reflection and method, was quite capable of improvising.

Schœlderer had asked him to send him some canvasses and frames to Germany. Schœlderer was not anxious to pay the customs duty imposed on such materials by German customs authorities, who however were less severe on art than on the means create it, and did not tax the painted picture. Schœlderer asked Fantin to set down some sketches on the canvasses he was to send. One of these entertaining scraps was the little portrait of Legros, so suggestive, and, for all its cursoriness so complete.

Some two hundred lithographs witness on stone to Fantin's admirations in music, his admiration for the wizards of sound. And they also mark, save for a few pagan visions, his revolt against the ill distribution of fame. They constitue his homage to various neglected geniuses. Fantin was no controversialist. He avoided any incursion into Literature, and in his letters his opinions are expressed with moderation and brevity : but the note is strong, and there is a touch of hatred

of the Philistines of his period in his consecration of his visions to the musicians who had charmed him. A scroll in a commemorative vignette gives us the names of his chief admirations in music, Schumann, Berlioz, Wagner, Brahms. Are we to conclude that he did not know Beethoven ? By no means — but Beethoven was no longer in dispute.

A community of origin, no doubt, united him with Berlioz, the great Dauphinois, and on Berlioz he is a magnificent commentator. Before he had done his *Anniversaire,* the homage to Berlioz now in the Grenoble Museum, before he had grouped Dido, Margaret, and Juliet about his funerary column and a grave and sad-browed Muse, he had set down the *Scene du bal* from the *Symphonie fantastique.* He had become, for the nonce, no doubt under a short-lived and violent emotional dream, the contemporary of the young Berlioz, the lover, the disdained, the dandy, the responsive young France of his day; and would you find the exactest portrait that could be evolved of a Raphael de Valentin, you may find it in that youth bearing the stamp of the romantic ideal, whose marked traits and amorous bearing are set down by Fantin in his lithograph the *Scene du bal.* May we not see again, in those pronounced traits, something of the ideal of beauty touched by grief which Baudelaire traces in the definition of his *Beau,* his *Beautiful.* It is rarely that a drawing of Fantin's comes so in contact with a plastic reality. Berlioz is already leading him to legend. *Harold* is seen as a visionary, with the august features of a prophet. It is certain that Fantin may have been among those who witnessed in 1867, at the Lyric Theatre, the *Prise de Troie* and the *Troyens à Carthage* — the *Taking of Troy* and the *Trojans at Carthage.* Of the *Prise de Troie* he kept a souvenir, and wanted to give shape to the apparition of Hector to Aeneas. He made two versions of the legend. In the one Hector wakes a sleeping Aeneas. In the other we see an Aea-

nas in meditation, whose thought appears to take form. Aeneas does not sleep. He is represented sitting. And the image of Hector which is spectral and designedly vague in the first lithograph, in the second is sharp as that of a living man.

From the *Trojans*, again, he translated the eve of the departure for Italy, with a lightly evoked Mercury dropping from the heavens to strike the bucklers against the ships' sides, and awake, with sound of brass, the sleeping sailors from dreams of conquest. And he would have transcribed the lover's duet, the Dido and Aeneas, and returned to it more than once, striving for a fairer Dido, a more epic Aeneas. His temperament led him to inscribe Aeneas on the roll of melancholy lovers. He arrived at no special characterisation of him, His Aeneas is like one of his Wagnerian heroes. In his pictured page from the ballet in the *Trojans*, we meet with but light and harmonious form and motion, the following after supple and graceful beauty that we find in his *Baigneuses* and other drawings which have no particular poem for theme. Except in the drawing of Mercury awaking the Trojans we scarcely meet again the sort of light heartedness which pervades the music of the *Trojans*, and whose tone is struck by Berlioz when he says, in a phrase that gives the very emotion of youth « On seeing the sun set one evening behind Cape Misenus, while from the sublime landscape, illustrious in Virgil's page, there seemed to rise, in renewed youth, Aeneas, Iulus, Latinus, Pallas, the good Evander, Lavinia the resigned, Amata, the unhappy Turnus, and all the battalion of heroes in floating plumes with whom the poet's genius peopled these shores... Words cannot render the magnetism of such effects of memory, poetry, light, pure atmosphere, horizons of rose, creations of fantasy. I was intoxicated....»

From the *Infancy of Christ* Fantin drew the adorable scene

of the Holy Family reposing, and under soft foliage of scattered clouds, the flight of angels stilling the flutter of their wings as they encircle the sleeping Virgin. The soft harmony and depth thrills to the Berlioz orchestration and one hears the trilling of flutes.

From the *Roméo et Juliette* he drew Juliet's appearance on her balcony, another admirable passage where is heard, above the whispering voices of the earthly garden, the innumerable garden of heaven's stars, and all the amorous council of floating perfumes between earth and sky. Here again, as in *Harold*, as in *Lélio*, it is the distances, the depths, which lend the tone of this illustration, of the evocation by the painter of the poet's image, of his transcription of the musical commentary, of the melodic invocation and its symphonious setting, of the timbre and sonority of its feeling. His ambition is not content with less. Fantin would render the poetic theme as well as his sensations as an auditor of the music. He undertakes to translate the dramatic truth of the personages. He frames them in dreamland. If in his decoration, his setting, there is trace of Corot's tenuous landscapes, and in his research for lightness of handling in the suppleness of tree-forms, Fantin's execution is his own. It finds one of its most striking instances in the network of Arabesques touched with blue which decorate his picture of *Nuit* (Night) in the Luxembourg, in the interpretation of the tenuous vibration of spirit and atmosphere which lend beauty to the Fairy silence, to the Queen of the voiceless regions incarnated by Fantin.

It is this subtle embrace of atmosphere, this intensity of conception of the borders of dreamland, that lend this charm to his interpretations of *Harold* and of *Lélio*. It shows greater precision in the Casting of the Perseus, or in the Italian garden which echoes to the Duet of Beatrice and Benedict, less, again, in his drawing of the *Damnation of Faust*. But he

never fails to call up the sweetness of the dream, the torment of the soul, of the musician he is interpreting.

The Wagnerian illustrations are more numerous. One may say that Fantin's style is here richer and more nourished, and note also that in his transcriptions of musical beauty he is solicitous to render the individual genius of the composer, and convey the understanding of him.

An arduous task! And at first sight, on looking quickly through his collected lithographs, it would appear that his system of evocation and decoration is not very various, that it consists in some happy groupings, always happy, but ruled by a similar ordering of nude forms, witches, and water nymphs, in emotional pastoral settings which are suppler and more ductile even than the landscapes of Corot.

But on more considered inspection, and ignoring the similarity which Fantin's strong personality impressed on all his works, the diversity is seen to be abundant, and the contrast absolute between notations such as the *Bal* conceived for Berlioz' Symphony which shows a graded vagueness as it recedes, and the sharpness in the foreground, and the halo of green leaves and night framing the meditation of Tannhaüser and Wolfram. Before he can shape his synthesis of the scenes he would represent, and which he seems to choose more for their sentimental content than for any plastic conception they may furnish, he returns to the charge two or three times, without counting sketches and slighter notes whose traces are lost.

When Tannhaüser met with its failure in Paris, he hastened to set down on paper a drawing of the Venusberg. His interpretation is a fine one, and shows a majestic Tannhaüser, enthroned in the depths of his dream beside a mighty and melancholy Venus, dark and grave of beauty, a creation of the brain rather than of the senses. If he took up the subject again it was not to vary these figures which seem to have

thus imposed themselves on him from the first, but to modify and weave again the garland of nymphs he has flung round them in that vaporous atmosphere which belongs to his lithographs, and was already seen in his *Féerie.*

He took up again the theme of the *Star of Evening*, at first placing Wolfram in emptiness and murky night, then defining Wolfram's dream in a fair and fluent vision of Elizabeth, projected in his dream.

In *Lohengrin,* which followed, he has chosen the prelude and he evokes in accord with the crystalline harmonies of the musician, and paralleling and paraphrasing Baudelaire's commentary, the ascension of the Graal, borne by angels. Then he imagined the duet of Lohengrin, the great love-duet, and there he encountered the obstacle of the general similarity of all love duets, and could not lend it special significance, any more than in the plate which shows *Rienzi* at prayer he could make anything but a vignette illustration, beautiful, but no more than that. In the *Phantom Ship* he succeeded better, by means of the majesty of stature and the amplitude of the lover's gesture, and the force of self-surrender and abandon of Senta's whole body against that of the Dutchman, in rendering the final ascent of the two lovers towards heaven and the void. Tristan affords him only the summons, in the night; the *Mastersingers* but the meeting of Eve and Walther. *Parsifal* the evocation of Kundry by Klingsor. To this he returns three times, each time varying his conception. In one plate it is Klingsor who stands out, with his gesture, or rather his bearing, of settled will, In the other two, the Klingsor is simplified, and reduced, and it is Kundry and her action who preoccupies him. In one of them we see the submission, the will to serve, and in the other there is physical rebellion in the woman whose will suffers violence from the magician's power. Parsifal comes towards the spectator among flower-maidens, a simple ballet setting.

But the Tetralogy makes appeal to him. He began with the harmonious twine and turn, and bodily torsion, the smiles and suppleness of the *Rhine Maidens*. Here he was in the natural atmosphere of his lithographs lacking literary motive, wherein he shows us water nymphs swimming,— (there is one of a singular ease of motion and perfect surrender to bodilly rhythm and the joy of the senses ; and other lithos; purely descriptive of nymphs and bathers) ; then he attacks the heart of his subject, and we have the ascent of the gods to Valhalla, with a Freya dazzlingly modelled, a veritable goddess of youth, Aphrodite victorious over the Nixies, the Rhine-Maidens, flung arpeggio-wise, as from the harp-strings, across the foreground of the picture. Both lithograph and picture of the same conception have their faults. The components are crowded, the dimensions of the picture too restrained, the marvellous has not sufficient play.

Siegfried speaks to the Rhine-Maidens and leaves them. It is difficult for the painter to represent the youthful giant, also Pure Fool » whose psychology but becomes apparent in Wagner with the unfolding of the drama. So Siegfried is but a sketch : Fantin gives a movement, a victorious setting-out of the great wanderer, sounding his horn, and summoning all the world to his adventure. The hero's features are not defined.

Fantin is more at ease in his transcription of the first act of the *Valkyrie*. He went back to it several times, the background judiciously arrested at the narrow cabin, with the sword thrust into the pillar, modifying Sieglinde's attitude towards Siegmund, unable to get it sufficiently just, and tender, and at the same time purely hospitable and pitiful in inclination towards the distressed stranger on the threshold. Wotan is outlined in the traditional head-dress, saying farewell to Brunhilda, and in the evocation of Erda. Erda, also, called for several attempts, for he did not stay his hand at his first

representation of this embodied destiny, striving to show her now mysterious, then desolate and stricken, enigmatic, veiled, and feeling the full weight of the truths she reveals. He also rendered the triumphal march of the gods to Valhalla, and correspondingly, the *finale* of the *Twilight of the Gods* and of the legend.

He relates that Champfleury christened him «the Schumanist» and, he says, «the name stuck to me.» All the same, Schumann afforded him fewer subjects than Wagner. We have the *Fée des Alpes*, an apparition of radiant whiteness, a feminine form of definite attraction, the radiance of the vision sharply relieved by the blacks in the mountainous landscape, and the blacks, again, in the costume, and in the stature of his Manfred; a sparkling white which competes with the crystalline sparkle of Schumann's orchestra when the apparition is seen.

In the same contrasted black and white, Manfred and Astarte, the Peri, and a large sheet dealing with Schumann's *Moonlight Night*, whereon he would seemingly have rendered the Schumann atmosphere in particular, that mysterious ambiance of a nature deeply moved and sacrificed, like humanity, wrapping a dreamer, ageing, and melancholy-eyed, strong and yet discouraged, philosophising even as he gazes on the graceful forms of women and water sprites illumining the night with the milky reflections of their naked beauty.

Some sheets also on Brahms' Love poems. And souvenirs of young days, of the visit to London where he heard diverse music, figures relating to the *Moses* and the *Semiramis* of Rossini, and Handel's *Rinaldo*, less characteristic than his drawings to Berlioz, Schumann or Wagner.

One may well be surprised that, desirous as he was of giving shape of his own to the musicians' dreams, he found

no matter for transposition among the composers of the younger school. It cannot be that he was stirred to no strong emotion by Caesar Franck, or d'Indy, or Saint-Saens, and many another whose music he heard at concerts or at Edmond Maitre's, where he repaired so constantly and for so long, and where he certainly heard the work of Franck and his school. Perhaps he found it sufficient to struggle with the great visions of the past. Perhaps again the reason of his abstention was of the same order as that which put a space of fifteen years, years given to flower-painting, between the first half-dozen drawings on musical themes and their numerous sequence. Embarrassment, the necessity of production for material necessities, and, since he made no concession as painter and executant, that of meeting his small public on a footing at least in the matter of subject.

A certain number of subjects which he had handled in drawing, he took up again, and lent the additional prestige of paint and canvas, and conferred on them a further magic. But his numerous lithographs alone constitute a collection of the utmost attraction.

Literature has no place. He made no attempt to render the work of the poet he loved best, Baudelaire, but we find two tentatives for *Sarah the Bather* whose pictorial realisation is in the Victor Hugo Museum, and no doubt it was to that purpose and by request, that he took up the motive and made the two drawings, — one of the bather almost upright, clinging to rather than seated on her swing, and brushing the still water with her foot; the other, seated, and swaying softly. It is one of the most purely feminine of Fantin's creations of woman.

When he makes designs for the stone without literary or musical motive, it is of the Graces, women bathing, or particularly of that admirable *Undine*, that water nymph peculiarly his own, so light, so harmonious, with her beautiful climbing curves of body; of the purest classic art which was his again towards the close of his life when he illustrated for Meunier the publisher José Maria de Heredia's translation of the Virgilian texts.

Other drawings are : the *Woman Broidering*, *Edwards playing the flute, his wife at the piano*, and reproductions of his pictures.

Lithographers did not consider Fantin as one of themselves, and Fantin made a point of not being a lithographer, and that is why the word drawing seems more proper to this collection of fancies. Not that he did not use the lithographic chalk, and when Cadart the publisher, who knew his taste (1861) for etching, and wished to attempt a revival of the lithograph, sent stones to certain artists with a request that they should be worked on, Fantin was one of the small group chosen, along with Manet, Ribot, Bracquemond, and Legros. But, save the earliest, few of his lithographs were drawn on the stone. He used transfer paper, or tracing paper. His lithographs generally show two proofs, one of the design after the transfer to the stone, the second after the stone had been retouched. Exceptionally, for lithographs destined to appear in publications, there would be four states.

This particularity of Fantin's that he could, at will, surrender himself to his imagination and ideas, and then again demonstrate his minute actualism, is quite special to himself in the art of his period. He owes it to none of the masters he studied brush in hand, either copying or adapting, He owes it to none of his contemporaries or friends, who are submerged in realism to the point of imposing on him their joint opinion that Champfleury should pose as protagonist in the *Hommage à Delacroix*. If he owes it to anyone it is to Delacroix, whose imagination he venerated, and he well understood the superiority of his intelligence, of his powers of creation, over that of the excellent painters who did their honest everyday work when Delacroix was opening windows on to the gardens of the unseen. But he owes it beyond all to his love of music, to that release of the spirit towards another field of art. Like Baudelaire, he embarks on music, and it is to him a source of visions. Adolphe Jullien's book is remarkably enlightening on Fantin's dilettantism. There was the happy chance of Lascoux's sudden arrival with a ticket for Bayreuth which was provocative of that trip which was a feast of art for Fantin, and an escape from Paris where he had been shut up all his life, save for an occasional visit to Buré, in Normandy, where Madame Fantin-Latour had a small property. But he painted no landscapes there, any more than he brought back music from Bayreuth. Landscape to him was an echo, a matter of atmosphere, of background, a surrounding

seen in spirit. Actual landscape was a commercial thing as far as he was concerned, like still-life, or flower-painting, whatever perfection his artistic conscience, and honesty as a dealer in painting, enforced upon him and his work. But no sooner did he face the execution of some portrait, whether ordered, or painted for his own pleasure, than he would find himself, in some sort, on the musical plane proper to him, and a sober harmony comes about.

Though he varied little in this, there was evolution. At one time he sought for no movement in his portraits, simple or double, but to give his full attention to the fold of materials, to the hands, to the attitude. He did not spare his time, and expected much patience from his sitters. The portrait of M. Adolphe Jullien called for thirty sittings, interrupted by a cup of tea towards three o'clock, and some talk on art matters. His observation was sharpened to the highest degree, and his determination to render was astonishing. There is a portrait of a man from his hand, that of a man with close-cut hair turning grey. The ends of the short crop are silvered, the roots red-brown. Fantin renders it. But seemingly, along with his conception of the portrait as portrait, and his scrupulous rendering of the image in skin, modelling, and expression, and along with his during desire for exactitude of likeness and his capacity to give it when asked for, he yet wanted, as additional to his portraits, whether groups of poets, painters, or musicians, to raise his portraiture to the description of interior.

And here one recalls a resemblance to someone who is not Rubens or Vandyke, Titian or Veronese, nor yet Rembrandt, nor yet Hals or Van der Helst whom he may have been thinking of when he painted his corporative portraits, but Vermeer. Did he see his work in Holland ? He may have seen it in Paris. The careful detachment, on a sober background, of his women broidering or reading, his

near inspection and rendering, not so much in the action as in the noting of still familiar things, the precision of modelling and the decoration which puts every slightest detail in its place, recall Vermeer to such an extent that granted that Fantin never copied him and had but a limited acquaintance with his paintings, one would be forced to conclude in the belief of some intellectual affinity, some kinship of the spirit and to hold that if certain critics are right in attributing an immense influence to all the various painters whose work Fantin copied either from choice or necessity, he must have had something in common with that painter of past days whom he most resembles. He is a sort of Vermeer, with an equal precision, and over and above, the power of evocation and vision. And then there was Delacroix to be reckoned with, in addition to the great Dutchmen.

That he was very exacting in his portrait work, exacting much from himself, is certain. His excess of modesty is frequently to be noticed. His English friends found him portrait commissions from the Fitz-James family. He did four : a portrait of a lady, two of younger age, and a double portrait of two young ladies of the family. The tribe of Fitz-James was very numerous. A group was proposed, and there were gathered before the painter, and around their grandmother, fifteen young people, or children of the name. Fantin arranged, and made sketches (a drawing of remarkable power and harmony in composition still exists) then threw up the commission. He did did not feel up to it as yet. He had already painted and destroyed the *Toast.* And it was three years before the date of his *Atelier aux Batignolles,* whose arrangement of figures is so well lighted and symphonic. It was an excess of scruple, most rare and

most honourable in itself, but excessive for all that.

He had learned the art of portraiture before his mirror. His self portraits are many. He did one in 1853, one in 1856, again in 1857, three in 1858, two in 1860, one in 1862, and then no more. He generally painted himself in shirt sleeves, at work.

In an artist of such simplicity of character, and whose life was purely mental, there could be no question of narcissism. It was merely that the long and frequent sittings so propitious to eager and methodical work, are difficult to obtain from a model, from a friend, so Fantin sat to himself and became his own subject. He found it so hard to please himself that when in 1861 he showed his portrait of the English painter Ridley, he did not exhibit it as a portrait, but as a study from nature. This portrait, that of a man with downcast eyes, is yet as fine a study of meditation as ever was painted.

In Fantin's life anecdotes are so rare that one may be recounted which bears on a portrait of his of 1868, that of Mdlle Marguerite de Biron.

The portrait was executed and delivered. The Biron family wished to hang it among a former series of family portraits, which had been framed, one after another, in the same style, as ovals. Fantin's canvas was rectangular. No matter. A pair of scissors soon turned the portrait into an oval, but not without sacrifice. The hands went, and the signature therewith. Fantin knew nothing of it, but when he became famous, the family, who had no regrets for the hands, regretted the lost signature and wanted it restored. So they brought Fantin his mutilated work that he might sign it afresh. And Fantin consented — partly because he was taken by surprise, and partly because he was a kind fellow.

There is a numerous series of portraits, of portraits of friends. There is the Manet, of 1867, now in Chicago, whose

mere reproduction is stirring for the few survivors who knew or ever saw Manet, where the man himself and the character of the man rises up and stands forth decisively : a Manet standing, tall-hatted, uncompromising, combative of aspect much more combative and decided than the contemplative Manet at work in the *Atelier des Batignolles*. He holds his cane horizontally, like a weapon one would say but for the gentle gaze.

There is the portrait of Alphonse Legros, a Legros as he was seen by Lecoq de Boisbaudran and the friends of his youth, Solon and Cuisin — a Legros of the days before the *Hommage à Delacroix* where he appears under the aspect of a peaceable seer, full-figured and black-bearded, a Legros in a little felt hat, dinted in and pulled down, but under it a thin and energetic profile, with a hollow cheek and a wild eye, with something in his look of the young Renoir in the *Atelier des Batignolles*.

An admirable Baudelaire, sensual, mystical, and cloudy, whose lines corroborate the evidence of Manet's drawing of Baudelaire in later life. This dates before his last illness, in the full tide of misfortune.

Baudelaire had never been so wretched. His work did not find a publisher, and he was too old and too famous a man, at least among those who knew, to seek one. But the youthful admiration which gave him back the reflection of his genius, gave him a measure of comfort. There is in his look, sharp and searching though it is, the tranquility of certitude. The lines in his face are soft on the cheeks, but firm on the forehead and chin. A soft atmosphere wraps him about, which seems to have a slow vibration; he is treated by the painter with respect. Carriere has drawn attention to this almost mysterious way of en-haloing a portrait. Though Fantin did not look upon Carriere as of his begetting, there are points in common between

the two painters. This *Baudelaire* of Fantin's is complementary to Courbet's; equally true, but at another passage of life, towards its evening.

Then we have the portrait of Whistler (for the *Toast*) thin bare-necked and tufted, in a Chinese dressing-gown; very Whistler, instinct with life, with enough of his exterior aspect to render his intelligence, fecundity, mannerism, and aggressive dandyism.

Then Adolphe Jullien, and Emile Blémont at the date of his charming poem the *Ronde des mois* — the *Round of the Months*, — and we may subjoin all the lifelike figures of the portrait groups.

The Verlaine of the *Coin de table*, thin and contained, stiff as wood in his black coat, looking official and Saturnine; and the Rimbaud, of such power and insight, and d'Hervilly, art student, which discloses such reticent and smiling observation on the part of Fantin; and Pelletan, hirsute and drooping, and the acute Valade, the indifferent Aicard, and in the *Hommage à Delacroix*, the solemn and commonplace Champfleury, the Whistler, making the most of himself, and the chubby Chabrier, and d'Indy, thin, sharp, and battered looking.

Amongst his portraits of friends, that of M. Maitre, for instance, or that of Edwin Edwards, are portraits commissioned by M. Petitdidier, and M. Becker, and numerous portraits of women, of which the strongest and most outstanding is beyond doubt that of Madame Fantin-Latour, returned to and worked upon again and again.

When free to please himself, and when, in his second phase he raises his portraits to the description of interiors, following the tradition of the great Dutchmen, and faithful to their suggestion arranging the model to his liking, Fantin always dresses it with simplicity, and never interrupts with details of toilette the attention he would win with expression of

face and pose. When required of him, he would render elegances of toilette, but very soberly. There is but the portrait of Madame Maitre, seen in profile, of noble and charming features under a light and lightly-twisted head of hair where he has been willing to make use of the low dress and the beauty of the shoulders. Pietism ? No. Fantin was in love with feminine beauty and with the nude, as we may see in the *Undine*, *Night*, *the Bathers*, *Andromeda*, *Venus Anadyomene*, and many others. The feminine nude he returned to incessantly, with all devotion and gentleness, recollectedly, with modesty, and with a sort of ecstatic passion. But the modern toilette did not attract him.

It is to be noted that what separated him from impressionism was the naturalistic side of the impressionist aesthetic. When he destroyed his *Toast*, keeping only the portraits of Whistler, Vollon, and himself, he was obedient to an aesthetic preoccupation. He had been tempted by the theory of the Goncourts on the mingling of the nude and the dressed in the modern setting, which was propitious to the painter inasmuch as it permitted him to be naturalistic and yet to preserve that tradition in painting, the rendering of the beauty of the nude. To illustrate his theory Goncourt gives to his *Coriolis*, in Manette Salomon, as subject, an examination before the medical council. In the same sense, Seurat began with a *Bathing Scene*, in the Seine.

The *Toast* was no doubt an essay in this direction, where we have Whistler in a Chinese wrapper, Vollon and others in working attire, celebrating a naked *Truth*. But it was distasteful to Fantin because he failed to find in it the unity a picture requires, and because he saw a false glitter mingled with the style. On the one hand evocation, on the other modernity, the modernity of everday life. Fantin is a painter of middle class intimity. He would render the bourgeois life in all completeness : he comes to it as a sort of Jansenist

of colour, but there is a note of timidity all the same, or rather, perhaps, the logic of a man who fears nothing so much as an unbalanced outburst in speech or conduct.

The consequence is that when he paints society portraits he gives as little place as possible to anything showy, opulent or wilfully attractive. Attitudes simple, dresses quiet and close-fitting, no shining accessories, but an occasional table, a carpet with colour in it, a vase of flowers, or slender glass of white roses, on a sober ground. The portraits of Mdme. Callimaki-Catargi, of Mdme. Louise Riesener, Mdme. Crowe, Mdlle. Sonia Yanowski, the nearest to the fashion of the day, with its feathered hat above the fringed forehead, so vibrant in attitude, so moving in their simplicity, are sober, almost as much so as his portraits of his sisters.

In these transcriptions he is intentionally wiser, has intentionally forbidden himself ornament of colour. His own nature has dictated the wish for unity.

At Jean Dolent's there was formerly a small painting done in Fantin's young days. It was a study of a young woman at the piano; rightness and harmony in the play of the shoulders, profile turned away and guessed at; in pearly whites, thick black hair pierced by the purple of a rose, a rose painted with complacency, set in the ebony tresses. The picture stands almost alone in Fantin's output. He thought, no doubt, that a detail in so strong relief was injurious to the general effect and that he, the painter, seemed to be in search of the pretty. He fell back, for his portraits and interiors, on flat blacks and greys. In his later days would he have given Manet coloured trousers, as in 1867 ? The passion for unity overcame him.

But what prodigy of simple life in the composed interiors whose themes and models he found in his own circle ! Already in 1858 he had completed the canvas, now in the Antwerp Gallery, showing himself, palette in hand, by the side of his sisters, who are seated. Then he found his own figure super-

fluous, injurious to calmness of aspect, to the exteriorised and realised dream he would render. In 1859, having re-handled the three-fold portrait, he gives us a vision of the two sisters, very simply attired, in small white collars and soft bandeaux; one is reading, the other halts her work an instant, resting her hand on the edge of the embroidery-frame. This time he has found his way and his method, created his extraordinary art of rendering the silent life.

Fantin reaches, may be, the highest point of his powers of transcription, of that tranquil resurgence of life, of life itself, in the picture where he has grouped the members of the Fantin-Latour and Dubourg families. M. et Mdme. Dubourg are seated, Mdme. Fantin-Latour seems to rise and take her leave. She buttons her gloves. She is dressed in one of those strict toilettes dear to Fantin. Behind Mdme. Dubourg's chair, standing, a sister of Madame Fantin-Latour. Nothing could be simpler in line, nothing could have greater power of truth. It is a synthesis of the bourgeois family of the day, its thoughtful quiet, its prudence, its rectitude. Not until the *Soir de la Vie* — the Evening of Life — of Raffaelli do we meet with so strong a rendering of the bourgeoisie of the period. Fantin's well marks its date. One feels that behind the grey wall hung with a certain few pictures — certainly one of Fantin's and some flowers of Mdme. Fantin Latour's, who exhibits at the Salon with distinction under her maiden name — sounds the daily round and petty stir of the small streets then surrounding St. Germain des Prés — the Rue Taranne, and the Place Gozlin, the rue Madame and the rue Cassette. Fantin is here the very mirror of existing things, and if I instance Raphaelli, it is to find in both one and the other the same qualities of actuality, differing in expression of line, and quite dissimilar solicitude in the matter of harmonies.

We meet with the same exactness of turn, of action, in

the portrait of Mdme. Fantin-Latour, leaning back in her chair, the graceful flower-vase before her eyes, gauging, brush in hand, the proportions of flowers and canvas : a perfect rendering of a moment invested with an emotional, an almost sacerdotal intimacy.

The Edwardses furnished him with themes for many an admirable page. Perhaps on this account it was that Anatole France proposed him as «the painter of friendship» and what resource he exhibits in diversifying Edwards in the light of that sentiment. Here he is playing the flute, accompanied by his wife on the piano. They are treating themselves to an arrangement of Schumann, and Edwards's profile is all attention and emotion. Then, in a painting, Edwards turns over some prints ; the facial expression differs, the attention has another alertness, it shows enjoyment without the strain of responsibility. And the etching of Edwards playing the flute is a charming thing also.

He returned again to his interpretation of the simple acts of daily life in his portrait of Mdme. Lerolle. This, of all his portraits, is the one wherein he has given most prominence to the elegance of feminine dress : the bodice is cut open and trimmed with lace, but is in keeping with a delicacy of visage and a reserve of character well indicated but not dwelt on. Mdme. Lerolle, whose one hand adjusts the lace on her bodice. holds in the other a spray of flowers which she is about to add to those already springing from the tall glass familiar in Fantin's works. Equally elegant, and with more of the society note, is the Mdme. Gravier, seated in an armchair, wearing a dark-coloured scarf on a light dress.

The portrait of Mdlle. Dubourg comes near to being an interior in its atmosphere of serenity. His portrait models are used again as personages in the scene; as in the picture he called the *Atelier* — the *Studio* — and also entitled *La leçon de dessin* — the *Drawing Lesson*. Mdlle. Riesener and Mdlle.

Callimaki-Catargi, the one seated, the other standing, are about to copy a Greek cast. Fantin Exerts himself to catch their particular attention and justice of observation; their pretty pose helps the beauty of this evocation of the intellectual life. The Antwerp Gallery possess the *Deux sœurs assises*, — the *Two Sisters Seated* — and the Lyons Gallery the *Lecture*, both works of perfect balance, stillness, and depth.

Contemporaries took long to undertand. The ordinary run of critic, astonished at this precision of actions taken from amongst the simplest of their kind, and by the silence reigning in his canvasses due to the contrast between the bareness of the backgrounds and the finished modelling of the figures, speaks of stuffed mannikins, and glass shades, and aquarium-life.

Faced with his portrait groups, caricature freely enjoys itself. The annual diversions formerly afforded to their readers by the *Charivari* and *Journal Amusant* no longer subsist. There was but one Salon in those days, and, until 1881, that but once in two years. The multiplicity of Salons has killed the play of caricature, and we only find traces of it in the pleasantries of the paragraphists, words but no pictures. But for long, under the Second Empire and during the Third Republic, the triumph of the Salon was accompanied by the cat-calls of the crowd, rendered by Cham, Stop, Bertall and others of even less standing, though now and then by one, such as André Gill, of more mark.

Gill caricatured the *Hommage à Delacroix* : elementary as a drawing, it distorted in some sort the personages of Fantin's picture. But he directed his shaft against the idea of the picture and accused Fantin, timidest of the timid, of megalomania, and parodied the title as : I, Delacroix and my friends round me.

Stop, who was necessarily, like every joker whether of pen or pencil, a hater of novelty in literature, calls the *Coin*

de table « a feast of monkeys ». And monkey-like he makes Verlaine, Blémont and particularly Pelletan, and Elzéar Bonnier of the delicate features, and he, while the rest are made monstrously hirsute, is drawn nibbling a biscuit, his head crowned with a little shako, like a performing dog.

Stop also is the burlesquer of the *Autour du piano*. Every face shows a great round O for a mouth, and the title is parodied as : *Le grand de profundis* of Maestro Chabrier, sung by Messieurs S. T. U. V. X. Y. Z.

Another caricature sets aureoles on the much uglified heads of the Dubourg family.

All this was not very hostile, surely ? It was rather misunderstanding. The caricaturists had to find something to laugh at. Fantin was a poor subject for this kind of exercice, and they clawed him as they best could.

It scarcely affected the respect in which the public held him. Respect rather than admiration, except among the little group of friends who knew his worth.

The reason was that Fantin had no show side. No one was less theatrical. Nor was there anything revolutionary about his aspect. At bottom he was as revolutionary as his impressionist friends, but he continued to show at the Salon, and had his medals. He knew neither the distressful nor the glorious hours, marked, both, by their unsuccess with dealers and buyers, which excited the youthful followers of a Degas, a Monet, or a Pissaro.

And then, very absolute in his aims as an artist, he suffered the embarassments of life. For long years he must interrupt the series of imaginative drawings and paintings of interiors, and become a flower-painter exclusively. He had to live. The number of his flower-pieces exceeds eight hundred.

Yet his existence is prudent and on a modest scale. His studio in the Rue des Beaux-Arts gives him just room enough. Theve he appears in the simplest guise, grey waistcoat and

trousers, and a green shade over his eyes. Impassioned for music, he denies himself operas and Concerts. The music that he hears is mostly at his friend Maitre's, piano-music. He smokes much, cigars and cigarettes, and his blue smoke-rings frame the white forms of Alpine sprites and Rhine-maidens, charming silhouettes of Floramyes take shape and fade, and there come to him, bearing on their heads baskets of flowers and fruits,the smiling maidens of the ballads, and of the *Hommage à Schumann*, mingled with the sonorous piano notes of the duets played by M. Lascoux and M. Grattery.

He also listens to, Mdme. Paul Meurice proud of her surrender of her time to Baudelaire, paralysed and in hospital, where she plays him his favourite fragments of Wagner; and Mdme. Edouard Manet

He his very stay-at-home. His studio in the Rue des Beaux-Arts became his on Good Friday 1868, and he never left it. His dwelling was never far off. Except for his stay in the Rue de Londres, he lived in the Rue Férou, Rue des Saints-Pères, Rue Bonaparte, and Rue du Luxembourg.

His journeys were of the rarest. To Bayreuth, and back by Munich, to Belgium, and country holidays at Buré ; and he became more and more inert as he grew older, coincidentally with his more frequent escapes to the regions of fancy.

Was it, precisely, the subjects which most intensely impassioned him that Fantin chose as themes, not merely for his lithographs, but for his pastels and pictures ? It is difficult not to admit that chance and circumstance played at times as considerable a part as choice or preference.

Consider him in connection with Victor Hugo.

Three works testify to his admiration and understanding of the poet's genius. The lithographs of *Sarah la Baigneuse*,

and the picture of the *Satyr*. According to M. Adolphe Jullien, who was in a good position to know, it was not the poem, the *Orientales*, which inspired him to treat *Sarah*, who interested him much, however, for he made and hesitated between two visions of her languishing attractions, but the melody of Berlioz which worked upon him to create an image of the poem.

The *Satyr* came by occasion. When the Musée Victor Hugo was formed, Paul Meurice wrote to the more celebrated painters and asked for a picture that should be inspired by some reading of Hugo, or by some memory of his life, or by his renown. The programme was comprehensive enough for Raphaelli to offer as his the fine picture which resumes the rejoicing and the floral fête of a popular anniversary in the Avenue Eylau. The judicious choice of Paul Meurice included Fantin, who took as his theme Hugo's poem, then chiefly affectioned by the poets, the *Satyr*.

In his paintings from Wagnerian themes, chance played some part no doubt, the coincidence of some music heard which had stirred him, with a little leisure sprung from the profitable disposal of flower-paintings.

For his lithographs on subjects from Wagner, Berlioz, and Schumann, Fantin found an opening. He had subscribers. Certain friends and admirers made an annual payment, in return for which Fantin sent them lithographs, and they had no reason to complain of the number or quality of the impressions. But there were few or no patrons for his paintings of the visions. It was the Salon that called for them, or an interval of leisure, or his desire for expression.

The *Anniversaire*, even as the *Hommage à Delacroix* or the *Portrait de Manet*, sprang from a movement of enthusiasm. At the moment, 1876, there was revived enthusiasm for Berlioz. Colonne gave Berlioz concerts, and the first sign of this celebration was the performance, as yet fragmentary,

of the *Damnation* at the Concerts at the Conservatoire. It was but of the eight scenes which Berlioz had given, on several occasions in his life-time, not being able to give the complete work.

Following on the triumphal performance of the fragmentary work, the whole was given at the Concerts, and Fantin thrilled to the core, after designing his *Romeo et Juliette*, and *Confidences de la nuit*, on his return from listening to the complete work, hastened to compose his *Hommage à Berlioz* and sent it to the Salon. To profit by the occasion? Yes, but for the profit and glory of Berlioz, not for his own. Two years earlier it would not have been accepted for Berlioz was beyond the pale for the Boulangers, the Rebers and the Wagnerians alike. And he still met with resistance and reserve, and must bear the charge of having been a frank, and sincere romantic.

The *Anniversary* is among Fantin's most beautiful work. It has the almost static nobility of line in which he took pleasure. In the background rises a stele bearing the name of Berlioz. An angelic shape hangs a garland on the stone. Gretchen extends a wreath towards the name of Hector Berlioz whereto points the finger of a Muse of severe aspect, graceful, beautiful featured, and nobly draped. At the foot of the stele droops a Juliet, holding flowers to her bosom, and leaning on a Romeo who dreams of dawning love. Dido looks down in reverie. And in the foreground, Fantin uncovers and inclines before the monument. It is all singularly harmonious, and Fantin's presence, like the portrait of a donor in an ex-voto, is not out of keeping.

Fantin had wished to record in paint the duet of Aeneas and Dido, of which he had made several drawings. The picture in the Museum at Pau, *Danses*, is taken from his drawing of the ballet in the *Trojans*, whether imagined or whether a memory of the performance at the Lyric Theatre,

where the corps-de-ballet was restricted. There is an impression in paint of the *Damnation*, and he has evoked in pastel the duet of Beatrice and Benedict, young women scattering rose leaves in a Sicilian night, in a Shakespearean Sicily, of deceptive beauty magnified by all the desire of a northerner for the marvellous clarity of Southern skies and nocturnes, and the transparency he assigns them.

Turning to Wagner, he takes up again the Venusberg, the prelude to *Lohengrin*, the rapid step of the young Parsifal indifferent to the charms of the Flower-maidens, the final scene of the *Valkyrie* and the *Rhine-Maidens*. He is himself again when he traces, in the hollow of the watery ravine, above the rock of Alberich, the arabesque of the three water-sprites, almost on pagan ground. And what charm he lends to each turn of these shapes of light.

The *Andromeda* is one of his last pictures, and the one that has the most character among his visions of the antique. In the modernism of his conception was he mindful of the old story of Timanthes veiling the face ? His Andromeda holds her arm across her eyes, no doubt to screen them from the monster's apparition of which Fantin moreover gives no representation or indication whatever. Andromeda is attached by the wrist, the other arm is free to lift to her eyes. Her hair is tossed abroad with the violence of the wind among the grey clouds, and of the wave that sweeps to her girdle. Against the livid and tempestuons scene the body of Andromeda stands out in its white serenity like a hymn to beauty during the storm.

The *Judgment of Paris* is less beautiful, and peculiar. Fantin has his interpretation of the myth. Paris is not a gallant shepherd, or young lover, nor does he wear the Phry-

gian cap. He is seated, a judge, and grave of countenance. Aphrodite is a splendour of whiteness. The Juno, darker, less resplendent, more solid, is nude, but Minerva is clothed and helmeted. She has thought to carry it by the depth of beauty that wisdom lends to her look. Perhaps Fantin would have given her the crown, but not without anathematising her for not unveiling a body whose grace was such as he loved to paint, for Fantin was an admirable painter of the nude, and venerated in the feminine nude the most beautiful of plastic wonders, the most beautiful and wonderful thing a man may look on, and wherein he may satisfy his desire for happiness and for beauty in life.

Fantin has knelt before the Tomb of Helen ; the conception of his picture is simple, in accordance with his ways : one might almost say that it is coherent with the arrangement and spirit of his portrait groups. The Queen is undraped, calm, and Love is at her side. She hearkens the chorus of poets who have acclaimed her, and Homer is their leader. The setting is under the open sky. One thinks of a night in the second part of Faust. The broad impression is of the rising of a hymn of peace. One voluntarily associates it with the Invocation to Helen in Boito's *Mephistopheles*, with its wide pure upward movement.

In Christian legend Fantin only used the *Temptation of St. Anthony*, and seems only to have seen in it an occasion for designing the charming curves of the female forms in their self-offering. When death came to surprise him he was working on a *Venus Anadyomene*, a study of feminine beauty like his *Undine*, his *Bathers*, *Sarah*, or *Night*, a study in the seduction of movement and of the flesh.

There is no doubt that generally, when he painted women, Fantin's chief preoccupation was character, mentality, to paint the soul, and that not only in his portraits but in his visionary pictures. The sombre dark-eyed Muse in his *Anni-*

versary which proclaims the glory of Berlioz, is not treated in the same fashion as those who celebrate the *Schumann*. There is plain evidence that Fantin has sought to specify in the features and appeal of his Muses what was his thought of the musician he would honour. If the Muse of the Berlioz is a beautiful and classic figure which might have taken its place on a Greek Olympus had he evoked that vision, the Muses of his Schumann are rather drawn from life, its sufferings, and its disquiet. One thinks once more of that definition of the beautiful in Baudelaire's posthumous pages (and is it not possible that Fantin may have heard Baudelaire make allusion in conversation to the strange type of sorrow stricken beauty, marked and laden-in its look, with griefs of long ago ?). The Muses of Schumann and of Berlioz make one think of the Baudelarian nobility of beauty.

There are two, equally interesting studies for the *Hommage à Schumann.*

In the earlier one a Muse of tall stature draws near a stele, a funerary column, overgrown with branches. Through the disorderly overgrowth, the flowers of mourning and forgetfulness, the name of Robert Schumann is only visible in some of its letters, some being obscured by dark leaves which the Muse puts aside with her finger as though delivering the musicians's glory from some parasitic shadow. The Muse's form, tall and supple, is decked in modern foldshers is a robe, not a peplum. The features are not classical, as are those of the Muse of Berlioz : it is a study in irregular beauty whose appeal is due to its expression, endowed with intelligence and anxious care.

He attacked it again, in a second study : the bust of Schumann stands alone. Various figures of women are grouped round it. Next the Muses who stand nearest the monument are others who pass by, almost coquettish in their adornment, with smiling faces, designedly charming and pretty, as if to

lend life to Schumann's fantasy, and mark the many charming nature-poems and short-lived blossoms gathered from the surface of joy.

Without any doubt these images of his fancy are the glory of Fantin's art. Here he is at home — here he walks a domain whose palaces he has built, whose gardens he has planted. He is the enchanter who at the bidding of any music-laden breeze peoples his horizons with nixies, fairies, and Muses He lingers there the more willingly, it is retribution overtaking the flower-painter, that, long impassioned by the beauty of the flower, to the point of introducing it into nearly every portrait, he would yet reduce the flower to the rôle of a sumptuous accessory, and not look on its rendering as an aim in itself. One understands that he feels his superiority in treating these reflected faces, in making a speciality of their grace, that he knows he is here the finder of a nuance of his own in art, and that his discovery is sufficiently personal to him to let him think that these flower-faces may form the chief beauty in the train of his glory.

But he is no less fervent in his worship of physical beauty of the smile of the flesh, of the joyful play of light on the skin. He paints the nude in women with ardent and restrained caress reflected without stint on the pearly white and tender substance of his models. He transmits to his painting of the nude the thrill of a pleasure that is sacred, that breathes of the garden of Eden.

Fantin-Latour is represented in our Public Galleries.

The Louvre possesses of his the *Coin de table*, thanks to the gift of the Moreau-Nelaton collection, and the *Hommage à Delacroix*, The Luxembourg is endowed with his *Atelier des Batignolles*, his *Night*, the *Rhine-Maidens*, a fruit-piece

Peaches and Grapes, and three fine drawings, a *Woman Reading*, *Woman Broidering*, and a portrait of himself, and a port-folio of drawings in addition.

Léonce Bénédite's admiration for Fantin, testified to by his fine essay on Fantin in *Art Ancient and Modern*, assured suitable representation to the painter of his affections. The Petit Palais is the richer for his *Helen*, a portrait of Edwards a *Temptation of St. Anthony*.

In the provinces, Lyons has the *Lecture*, Pau the *Poet's Dream*, and the *Dances*. At Amiens two *Bathers*. At Alençon a still-life. To Grenoble Fantin gave his *Anniversary*, a Homage to Berlioz. The same Gallery has a self-portrait, and a *Temptation*. Reims has the *Lever*, and the *Judgment of Paris*.

Outside France, Brussels can show the *Drawing Lesson*, and Antwerp a self-portrait. In the gallery of modern painting in Florence Fantin is represented by a self-portrait. London and Manchester have flower-pieces, Berlin a portrait of Mdme. Fantin-Latour. His portrait of Manet is in Chicago. His work is widely distributed.

But, all his life time, Fantin received no command from the State.

This redoubtable decorator might have been in ignorance of all the walls to be covered in the National and Municipal Public Buildings. He did not form part of the great staff of decorators on the Hotel de Ville. No mayoral hall, no church or chapel, was entrusted to him. In the eyes of the administration, in spite of his Salon medals, he bore the stain of modernism and novelty. He was beyond the pale of State commands for the same reason as his early friends the Impressionists, and for reasons that could no longer be alleged against him after he had made plain his study of great classic art.

This innovator of harmonies, this maker of sweet symphonies and harmonious depths, might have been in ignorance

that there was a tapestry factory at the Gobelins for which designs were wanted from painters with the faculty of decoration.

At the close of his life he would willingly have been a member of the Institute. His personality and talent gave him the right and he might have pleaded his erudition as a painter, his long years as a copyist whence sprang so many faithful renderings of the masters, the source, and in no small measure, for some, of the admiration they bore him. He suffered somewhat from this neglect, a weakness in an artist of originality and creativeness, who made his circle of friends among seekers of new paths, and outlaws.

He lived by his work and may have thought that it was at the expense of his fame. For many a year he had to repress his dreams and be silent on the splendours of his vision. He suffered from it, but he said nothing. He bestirred himself to paint enough flowers to enable him to return to Andromeda, to Venus rising from the calm waters circled with fluttering Loves ; he struggled to render the grace, the iridescence, the tender flesh, the soft shining of the body of women ; to paint his bathers, his reclining forms in the simplest possible attitudes, to follow up his pursuit of the emotional, pitiful, profound, contained and calm.

He was ever an heroic worker without help from circumstance. He did not do all he wished, but he never did what he would rather not have done. He can be accused of no concession to fashion or to officialdom.

He was a great painter. He would have been greater still had he been freer.

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PL PORTRAIT DE L'ARTISTE PAR LUI-MÊME
PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST BY HIMSELF
SELBSTBILDNIS.
RITRATTO DELL'ARTISTA DA LUI STESSO PINTO.
RETRATO DEL ARTISTA POR ÉL MISMO.

PL. 2. INTIMITÉ.
INTIMACY.
VERTRAULICHKEIT.
INTIMITÀ.
INTIMIDAD.

PL. 3. PORTRAIT DE L'ARTISTE PAR LUI-MÊME.
PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST BY HIMSELF.
SELBSTBILDNIS.
RITRATTO DELL'ARTISTA DA LUI STESSO PINTO.
RETRATO DEL ARTISTA POR ÉL MISMO

PL. 4 FLEURS DANS UN VASE
FLOWERS IN A VASE.
BLUMEN IN EINER VASE
FIORI IN UNO VASE.
FLORES DENTRO DE UN VASO.

PL. 5. FLEURS ET FRUITS.
FLOWERS AND FRUITS.
BLUMEN UND FRÜCHTE.
FIORI E FRUTTA.
FLORES Y FRUTAS.

PL 6 PORTRAIT D'ÉDOUARD MANET.
PORTRAIT OF EDOUARD MANET.
EDOUARD MANET (PORTRAIT).
RITRATTO DI EDOUARDO MANET.
RETRATO DE EDOUARD MANET.

A mon ami Henri
Dantan 1861

PL. 7. LA TABLE.
THE TABLE.
DER TISCH.
LA TAVOLA.
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PL. 8. LE PANIER DE RAISIN.
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TRAUBENKORB.
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PL. 9. L'ATELIER DES BATIGNOLLES.
THE STUDIO IN BATIGNOLLES.
DAS ATELIER IN BATIGNOLLESVIERTEL.
LO STUDIO DELLE BATIGNOLLES.
EL ESTUDIO DE " BATIGNOLLES ".

PL. 10. HOMMAGE A DELACROIX.
TRIBUTE TO DELACROIX.
HULDIGUNG AN DELACROIX.
OMAGGIO AL DELACROIX.
HOMENAJE A DELACROIX.

PL. 11. AUTOUR DU PIANO.
BY THE PIANO.
UM DAS KLAVIER HERUM.
INTORNO AL PIANOFORTE.
AL REDEDOR DEL PIANO.

PL. 12. SOUVENIR DE BAYREUTH.
A BAYREUTH REMINISCENCE.
ANDENKEN AN BAYREUTH.
RICORDO DI BAYREUTH.
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PL. 13. MADEMOISELLE DUBOURG.

PL. 14. LA LECTURE.
READING.
DIE LEKTURE.
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LA LECTURA.

PL. 15. LA TENTATION DE SAINT ANTOINE.
ST. ANTHONY TEMPTED.
VERFÜHRUNG DES HEILIGEN ANTONIUS.
LA TENTAZIONE DI SANT'ANTONIO.
LA TENTACION DE SAN ANTONIO.

PL. 16. HÉLÈNE.
HELENA.
HELENE.
ELENA.
ÉLENA.

PL. 17. LA NUIT.
NIGHT.
DIE NACHT.
LA NOTTE.
LA NOCHE.

PL. 18. NYMPHES.
NYMPHS.
NYMPHE.
NINFE.
NINFAS.

PL 19. ALLÉGORIE
ALLEGORY.
SINNBILD.
ALLEGORIA
ALEGORIA.

PL. 20. PORTRAIT DE L'ARTISTE PAR LUI-MÊME.
PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST BY HIMSELF.
SELBSTBILDNIS.
RITRATTO DELL'ARTISTA DA LUI STESSO PINTO
RETRATO DEL ARTISTA POR ÉL MISMO.

PL. 21. PORTRAIT DE M. MAITRE.
PORTRAIT OF M. MAITRE.
BILD DES HERRN MAITRE.
RITRATTO DEL SIGNORE MAITRE
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PL. 22. RÊVERIE.
DREAMING.
TRÄUMEREI.
SOGNO.
ENSUENO.

PL. 23. PORTRAIT DE MADAME LEROLLE.
PORTRAIT OF MADAME LEROLLE.
BILD VON FRAU LEROLLE.
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Pl. 25. NYMPHE ET AMOUR
NYMPH AND CUPID.
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NINFA Y AMOR.

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PL. 27. ROSES, NATURE MORTE.
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PL. 28. DAMNATION DE FAUST.
DAMNATION OF FAUST.
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PL. 29. FLEURS.
FLOWERS.
BLUMEN.
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PL. 30. DANSES.
DANCE.
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PL. 31. LE RÊVE DU POÈTE.
THE POET'S DREAM.
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PL 32. DANSES.
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DIANE.
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PL. 34. PORTRAIT DE FANTIN A 22 ANS (DESSIN).
PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AT 22 YEARS OF AGE (DRAWING)
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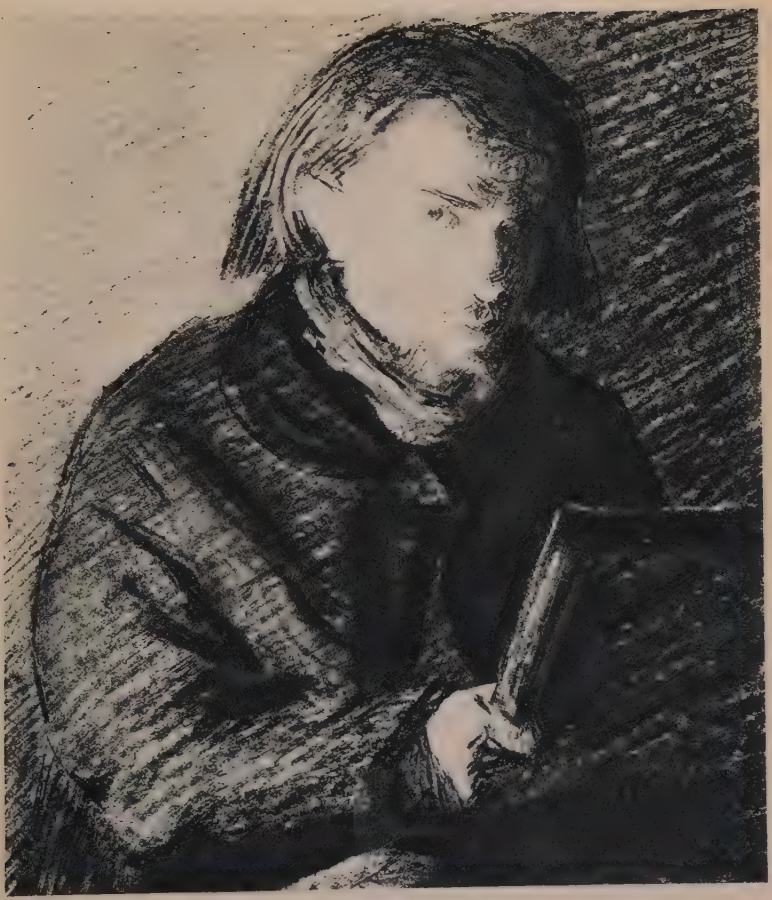
RITRATTO DI FANTIN A 22 ANNI (DISEGNO).
RETRATO DE FANTIN A LOS 22 ANOS (DIBUJO).



PL. 35. L'OR DU RHIN (LITHOGRAPHIE).
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PL. 37. DUO DES TROYENS (LITHOGRAPHIE).
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PL. 38. SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE (LITHOGRAPHIE).
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PL. 39. SARAH LA BAIGNEUSE (LITHOGRAPHIE).
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PL. 40. LES FILLES DU RHIN (LITHOGRAPHIE).
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